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Orchestral Players.

[From "Music and Morals," by HAWKES.]

The orchestral player, if he knows his business, will deny himself the luxury of expressing too much of himself, yet is he not therefore a machine. Through the medium of the conductor, whose inspiration trickles to him by a kind of magnetism from that electric wand, he, too, realizes the music in its double capacity of expressing the composer's thought and the conductor's private reading or expression of that thought. But the Conductor is now in the place of the Soloist: his instrument is the orchestra, but that instrument is not a machine. You may imagine, if you please, a number of instruments worked by machinery; they may play a movement accurately with all its p's and f's, but that will not be an orchestral rendering of the work. It will be like the grinding of a barrel-organ, and that is all—no life, no emotion, no mind. Catgut, wooden tubes, hammering of calf-skins, and fatal explosion of brazen serpents, all this you shall accomplish with cunning mechanism, more than this you shall not. Therefore the mind, and the heart, and the skill of a man shall be required in every member of an orchestra. To the eye of an uninitiated spectator, that uniform drawing up and down of bows all in the same direction and all at once—that simultaneous blare of horns, trumpets, and flute-notes sounded instantly at the call of the magic wand, may seem like human mechanism, but it is not—it is Sympathy. The individuality of each player may indeed be merged in a larger and more comprehensive unity of thought and feeling, but it is a unity with which he is in electric accord, and to which he brings spontaneously the faculties of personal appreciation and individual skill.

Let no one say that orchestral work is beneath the dignity of a good artist. The very delays and vexations of rehearsal often unfold new turns and critical points in a great work which might otherwise pass unnoticed. The position and use of the other instruments is better realized by one who is playing in the orchestra than by any one else. The fact of the drums being close behind you will sometimes rivet your attention, unpleasantly, perhaps, upon the way in which but two notes are made to produce the illusive but beautiful effect of several repeating the leading subject, as in the opening movement of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. The tenor close beside you forces a phrase upon your ear, the ghost of which, or a fragment of which, may be just suggested again by a distant flute a line or two farther on. You cannot miss the author's intention. Of course it is not impossible, but it is not easy for any one who has not played a violin or some other prominent instrument in such works as Beethoven's C minor, or Pastoral Symphony, and played it often, to realize the reason why certain passages are given to the tenors rather than to the violoncellos; why some notes are reinforced by the double-bass while some are left to the violoncellos; why the rhythmic beat of the drum is broken here or completed there. A great deal, no doubt, can be done by reading a full score without an orchestra. Some kind, and a very good kind, of appreciation may be formed of an orchestral work from a pianoforte score, especially if it be arranged for four hands. For perfect enjoyment again, let a person study his score at home, and then, taking his seat in a favorable position, not too near the orchestra, with his score marked for reference at certain points rather than for steady perusal, let him concentrate his mind upon the emotional development of the work with a full and foregone appreciation of its intellectual form. But still, if you really want to discover the technical mysteries of the orchestration, you must get inside and look more closely at the astonishing works; nay, you must become one of the works; you must take an instrument, and plod away in the orchestra yourself. When you have tried that, you will begin to understand why so few people succeed in writing well for an orchestra. How easy it is to mistake a tenor for a 'cello effect, or to give a phrase to the clarinet when the texture or consistency of the harmony would be best consulted by the thinner, sweeter, but equally incisive oboe.

There is, therefore, in the orchestra incessant work for the player's mind; and as he is also greatly privileged in constantly assisting in the production of

master-pieces, what opportunities for the culture and discipline of the emotional regions of the soul are his! When he opens his part of the "Italian Symphony," or plunges into the "Fidelio," what a magnificent panorama of emotion opens out before him! But it is no unreal spectacle. Like Ulysses, who was a part of all he saw, he is a part of all he hears; shall not something of the spirit and power of the great composers, with whose works he is constantly identifying himself, pass into him as the reward of his enthusiasm, his docility, and his self-immolation?

It may be said that we are taking an ideal view of orchestral playing. No doubt we are dealing with the essence of the thing itself—not as it is, but as it should be. Practically as it is, the vocation of the orchestral player has many drawbacks. The weary repetition of what he knows for the sake of other players who do not know their parts, the constant thwarting of the gifted players by the stolid ones, and the tension of long and harrowing rehearsals under conductors who do not know their own minds, or who cannot impart what they do know to the players, or who are so irritable, cantankerous, and, at the same time, so vexatiously exacting as to destroy every particle of pleasure or sympathy with their work in the breasts of the executants at the very moment when these qualities are most indispensable to the execution of the music. Then there is the cheerless musical wear and tear of regular orchestral life. The pantomime music, not in moderation and once in a way, but every night all through a protracted season; for we are afraid to say how long the pantomime goes on after the departure of that inveterate bore, Old Father Christmas.

Then really excellent players are occasionally subjected to the demoniac influences of that rhythmic purgatory known as the Quadrille Band; or the humbler violinists are to be met with, accompanied by a sharp and cornet-à-piston, making what is commonly understood to be music for the dancers in "marble halls," or any where else, it matters little enough to them. Shall we blame them if they look upon such work as mere mechanical grind—as the omnibus-horse looks upon his journey to the city and home again—a performance inevitable, indeed, but highly objectionable, and not to be borne save for the sake of the feed at the end? Then we must not forget the low salaries of many orchestral players, the small prospect of a slow rise, and the still smaller chance of ever becoming leaders in any orchestra worth leading. Or, again, the weariness and disgust of your efficient men at seeing themselves kept out of their right places by old, incompetent players.

On the Continent wise provisions are made, and retiring pensions provided by government, or there are special societies for superannuated musicians. Every man in the orchestra knows that he will have to retire when his hand begins to lose its cunning; in his old age he is honorably supported, and he deserves to be, and his place is filled up by an efficient substitute. Art does not suffer, the public does not suffer, the interests of music are not jobbed, and no one is the worse. But in England the government treats music with a supercilious smile, and with the most undisguised stinginess; as who should say, "A fig for your bands and Bear-gardens!" And the prime minister would as soon think of granting pensions to superannuated musicians as of giving an annual banquet in Westminster Hall to the industrious fraternity of the metropolitan organ-grinders.

It is quite impossible to say at what age a man gets past his work, but the conductor of every orchestra knows very well who it is that mars the whole; and it is quite notorious that whatever inferiority there is in our leading orchestras in comparison with leading Continental orchestras is chiefly owing to the fact that a conductor in England cannot very easily get rid of men who have grown infirm in their places, and who would have retired long ago from any foreign orchestra as a matter of course.

It would be foolish to underrate the value of veteran experience and steadiness, but it must be remembered that the muscles will stiffen, and the ear and eye will grow dull, and that many a man whose brain is still active may become, through mere want of flexibility and feebleness of nerve, unfit for efficient work in the orchestra. We repeat emphatically, it is impossible, with so many still splendid old players be-

fore the public, to say when age means infirmity; and when we think of the prodigies of military valor, forensic ability, literary and artistic power which we have witnessed within the last few years: when we recollect that Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Palmerston have but lately passed away; that Thomas Carlyle is still with us; that M. Victor Hugo but lately published one of the most stirring and eloquent apostrophes to Liberty; that Sir E. Landseer continues to paint his best pictures; that M. Auber still composed operas in extreme old age; that General Garibaldi is still ready (1871) to draw the sword; that even the Pope feels equal to an Ecumenical Council; and that the aged monarch of Prussia, in company with the still more aged Von Moltke, has just been leading his troops to victory against what all Europe supposed to be the greatest military nation in the world—when we remember a few of such facts, it is not too much to say that the nineteenth century is emphatically the triumphant Era of Old Age.

Letter from Naples.

A SHORT DISQUISITION ON MUSICAL CULTURE—
ITALIAN SINGING TEACHERS IN AMERICA—EN-
GAGEMENT OF SIGNOR CIRILLO FOR BOSTON—
HIS HISTORY AND REPUTATION.

(Correspondence of the Daily Advertiser.)

NAPLES, July 6, 1872.

I have been having a little jubilee of my own, but all on Boston account. Not because of Mr. Gilmore's combination, which has been talked about and made fun of even in Italy, where the unseasonable rains and almost the inundation of the Po have been attributed in *badinage* to the atmospheric disturbances produced by the thunderous racket he was causing to be made on the other continent. The reason of my great pleasure is a much simpler event, but one which I believe is to have the best effect upon vocal culture and the art of singing in Boston; and as one who has had in times past the opportunity of using these columns in behalf of good training and good performance, as well as in criticism of what was bad, in musical matters and manners, I feel impelled to write a few paragraphs about it.

In a letter about the Naples conservatory of music, which appeared in the *Advertiser* perhaps a twelvemonth ago, I took occasion to say that I considered Naples the best city for a student of vocalism. (Possibly I did not say, what it is but just to add, by way of parenthesis, that for a young vocalist, desiring to adopt public singing as a profession and to make his *débuts* in Italy, Milan would be the best place to finish in, because there and at Bologna are to be met the majority of the managers and the managers' agents.) I found my reasons in the influence of the conservatory, whose traditions and associations are better than those of Milan or Bologna in many respects, as also in the equability and healthfulness of the climate, and the *brío* of life there. For, of all people under the sun, the musician needs to be within reach of gay and distracting influences. His constitution and pursuits are generally such as to make him nervously sensitive, moody and morbid, and he ought at times to be almost driven away from himself to save him from depression, despondency and perhaps even the renunciation of his profession. The student or the artist should alike have his quiet place for work; but when he issues thence, he should find himself at once in the midst of a brilliant nature and a busy people. He must every now and then "come out of his shell."

San Carlo has no doubt fallen painfully low as a model of performance, or as a school of criticism, and during the last winter it has been the scene of the most disgraceful quarrels and disturbances. The petty limitations of the municipal committee, and their extraordinary demands; the whims and the obstinacy of a peculiarly embarrassed manager; the contentions of the partisans of different authors; the intrigues of the music publishers, whose chief object in life seems to be the prevention of a knowledge of all musical works except the one opera they are engaged in compelling the public to accept; the scarcity of good singers, and the impossibility of engaging great ones; the necessity of expending enormous

sums for the ballet, and of paying back a large part of the municipal subvention to the hundreds of people employed about the theatre under municipal direction, and consequently not amenable to managerial discipline,—these things and others have combined to destroy the intrinsic excellence of the opera at San Carlo, and to render it valueless as a criterion. At the Fondo,—as at many minor theatres elsewhere,—one may hear an opera evenly rendered, and only perceive a lack of strength in the choral and orchestral masses.

Notwithstanding the deterioration apparent in public performance, the spirit of music still lives in Naples and exerts a power for good. Whatever the passing traveller, or the theorist prejudiced in favor of some ultramontane school, may say to the contrary, there is a plenty of serious work done within the walls and under the influence of the college of music, which is in its principles conservative enough, although, no doubt, a lazy lad can manage to slip through his course there with little study and insignificant acquirement; and whenever the public wants the best in music, it will be found that our city has musicians enough able and ready to supply it. Instrumental music and composition, in the oratorio form or upon the model of Bach, may best, of course, be studied in Germany, because there the study can be complemented with the exemplary performance, but the voice must be studied in Italy or according to the Italian systems.

A great fault of our day is the ignoring of what the human voice is and what it can do. The songs of Schumann, of Franz, and even of Schubert, constantly show that those authors did not understand the voice, or were unwilling to consider it. Schumann, especially, has many songs which are really rhapsodies for the piano-forte, with an *obligato* for the singer, who may get it in if he can. Instead of the instrument being there for the singer, it is the singer who is thrust in to eke out what the instrument cannot be made to do alone. There is an ingenious double composition, but no song. The Passion Music of Bach bristles with passages which are no more fit to be sung than is half Wagner's writing, or than are the great master's own fugues and counterpointed chorals. The human throat is treated as though it were no living organ, but a mere bit of dead mechanism, to be set in operation to produce the portions of an elaborated harmonic work for which no other instrument will exactly suit, because unable to enunciate syllables. Even Mendelssohn himself, as Emma Seiler proves in her wise little book, frequently violated in his settings the laws of nature in the voice. As an ideal translation of poetic into musical ideas, a composition may satisfy the reason and touch the feeling of the most critical, when as a practical bit of vocal music even the inexperienced may rightly set it down as a failure. The Italian authors only, as a class, have considered the limitations of the voice; they have the most singable language, almost entirely free from unfavorable elements; and their systems are the only ones which can make the most of the natural voice and prepare it to cope to the greatest advantage with the elementary difficulties of rougher tongues and the technical ones of severer schools.

It will be observed that I make an ample distinction between Italian music and Italian vocalism, and that I am limiting myself to the praise of the latter, and of the former as a vehicle for the same. And I am far from putting forward the notion that all Italian vocalists are good singers. I believe a first-rate Chickering pianoforte to be the best instrument of its kind in the world; but I have seen some pianos of that make which I would not have cared to hear more than once. But if a first-rate vocalist of the real, old fashioned, sincere, laborious Italian school can be found, I take him to be the best of all vocalists. And I have always wished that in Boston there could be established a teacher who knew all about that school, and would bring up young singers patiently, conscientiously and slowly in it. There is such a deal of dreadful incompetency and assumption—sometimes imposture, too—among the teachers of Italian vocalism in the United States! I have inquired about the antecedents of more than one "Professor" who gets enormous prices from credulous American fathers for teaching Italian singing to their children, only to find that he was unknown among musicians here, or had at best left behind him but the reputation of a mediocre instrumentalist, untried in the nature and training of the voice, and among whose old companions the wonder was increasing that such a man should have been able to make place and fortune among a people so well educated and intelligent as the Americans. If any properly trained vocalist has gone from Italy to America purely as a teacher and not as a singer, it has been the exception in the first place, and not the rule. And I believe I do not err in my opinion that no such teacher has been lately resident in Boston. Corelli was before

me, and I have the impression that Mme. Arnould's method was rather French than Italian; if among the others who have taught since their day there be one who is such as I describe—a teacher by profession from the beginning, educated at home to the knowledge and practice of what would be accepted here as the best schools, I never heard of him, and should be very glad to learn his name and look up his antecedents.

In the before mentioned letter upon the College of Music here, I named two men who I wished could have the training of some young Americans earnest in their desire to learn to sing and willing to devote the much time and labor which are absolutely necessary. And what has induced me to break out into this disquisition is the gratifying knowledge that one of those men is about to leave Naples and take up his residence in Boston. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, desirous to secure for their new musical college teachers representing the best of all countries and schools, sent out to Italy to know if "the right man" could be had for their Italian department. Whoever knows the Quintette Club will understand just how much is implied in those three short words. One letter led to another, advice was taken, the merits of different men were canvassed, and it was finally decided to make a proposition to Signor Cirillo. About the same time he received a pressing offer to remove to Genoa, and negotiations had likewise been opened with him for assuming the directorship of a Government institution in Athens. But the offer of the club was definite and liberal, and no country shines out to the young, the ambitious and the hopeful like America. After some deliberation the decision was reached and has been already notified, so that I cannot be divulging any secret of the club in announcing here the engagement which they have been so fortunate as to make, and which is to date from the beginning of their first term.

As I understand it, Signor Cirillo is to assume the direction of the vocal studies of the college with relation to the development of the voice as an instrument, without prejudice to the application which the scholar may subsequently make of it in one or another class of music. Naturally if, when the organ has been made full, true, flexible and expressive, the singer chooses to devote himself to the Italian school, he will remain with his Italian instructor; but if he should prefer to cultivate German music, or English music, either of the secular or the sacred character, he will find in the college another master who will teach him to render such music with his perfected voice acquiring *apropos* the delivery and phrasing appropriate to the authors of his chosen school. This, it seems to me, is exactly as it should be.

I do not wish to run the risk of endangering Signor Cirillo's usefulness by such anticipatory commendation as shall seem to promise more than a mortal man can reasonably be expected to make good. But as I know much about him, I may venture to say a little, because I believe thoroughly in him as a man who is needed in Boston, and who is capable of doing a great deal of good there. It may be remembered that the *Advertiser* was perhaps the only paper in the country—certainly the only one in Boston—which from its own acquaintance promised a great singer in Mme. Parepa, and certainly it was never charged with having overstated her merits. A brief sketch, then, and I leave the subject. Signor Cirillo was educated at the Naples conservatory, at the expense of the government, having won his place by a successful contest with fourteen competitors. He studied singing, composition, the pianoforte and the organ, the former under Busti, who was the best master that Naples has had in half a century. During Busti's last year of failing health, Cirillo taught his special pupils, and after his graduation was continued on the staff of masters for five years, so that he became well acquainted with the system of class instruction. By that time his private lessons compelled him to renounce his connection with the conservatory, and he has had ever since perhaps more constant occupation than any other master in Naples. He is a close student as well as a painstaking teacher, and his system of training, which is quite his own, is sufficiently elastic to be adapted to the special wants of each particular pupil, instead of being applied arbitrarily to all alike. I have seen excellent results from it even when the pupils were not unusually gifted and were studying merely as amateurs, and I know it would effect great things for anybody who should go to work with a will under his direction.

The London "Musical World" on Gilmore's Jubilee.

The World's Peace Jubilee is over; not only for our Transatlantic cousins, who are now fast forgetting it in the excitement of an eager life, but over, also, for us, who have watched it at the distance of

four thousand miles. In other words, we know all there is to know about the affair, and can duly appraise its achievements and its significance. Occupying this vantage ground, a last word may not be out of place.

There are two sides to everything, and the big American Festival has its two sides; one, ludicrous, the other, serious. We fear that the amiable tendencies of human nature have prompted many persons to look chiefly upon the former. At any rate, journalistic human nature has regarded the ludicrous aspect almost exclusively, as being a cheap suggestive of "smart" writing, and a ready excuse for sneers. We admit the provocation to be great. Mr. Gilmore's huge barn on Boston Common—his fluctuating army of singers and players—his sensational admixture of hymn tunes, sacred choruses, colored minstrels, military bands, cannon, bells, and anvils, are irresistible as a recipe for inducing mirth. We cannot help laughing at them, especially when the agglomeration is invoked in the name of art; but he makes a great mistake who sees nothing in the entire affair but food for his humor. The very fact that such a gigantic speculation has been carried out to the end is, in itself, worth serious thought; the full understanding of it being, perhaps, possible only to those who understand the condition of American society in general, and of American music in particular. Our cousins, sensitive though they be, will hardly take offence at the remark, that life with them is chiefly influenced by material considerations. Their "go aheadism" means accumulating dollars, and winning a high place among the aristocracy of wealth; the work of doing this being business and pastime in one. A young and vigorous people is always so, things which are not productive of tangible profit having but a small share of their thoughts. Hence the comparatively small attention enjoyed by music in America, as a branch of culture and a means of intellectual delight. Generally speaking, the people have "no time for that sort of thing," and are satisfied to take what comes in a casual way without effort of their own. This sufficiently explains the elementary condition of music among our kinsmen. It accounts for the tolerance they show towards performances which, among an older people, would not be endured for an hour. It accounts, also, for the infantine state of native American art, and for the ease with which all sorts of pretenders to musical ability pick up a living across the water. We readily acknowledge that a love for music exists among the American people, and we as readily believe that in course of time they will occupy splendid rank as an artistic nation. But that time is not yet; and, meanwhile, the Boston Jubilee does seem a natural outcome from the actual state of things. Cultivated Americans—and there are many of them—would scarcely allow this remark to pass unchallenged; but we say again that Mr. Gilmore's Festival illustrates the average of American taste. If not, why the support it has received, the attention it has excited, and the jubilation to which it has given rise among all classes of society? If not, it would simply have been an impossibility. In point of fact, this is its only *raison d'être*. The Festival has compelled attention to the existence and claims of music in a form adapted to attain that end by the quickest means and in the most general way. Anything higher would have missed its mark; anything less sensational would have attracted less notice. Is it nothing, moreover, that, stimulated by the desire to take part in such an affair, thousands of amateurs all over the States have worked hard to qualify themselves?—or that many more thousands have heard, however imperfectly, some masterpieces of art? For such a result we would condone the cannon, bells and anvils; and would pardon all the other sensations of the "big show." Shrewd managers of Sunday schools find cake and tea remarkable helps towards the instruction of the rising race. The Boston "serrations" were cakes and tea in their way; and enticed by them, the great American public received not a few useful lessons. In this light we would regard the Jubilee—a light far more pleasant than that which exhibits it as merely a butt for witicism.

We take the following weighty words of wisdom from the New York Times. The Boston Jubilee, by giving occasion for their utterance, was not altogether without good result:—

"The failure of the Boston Peace Jubilee teaches one lesson which we may well ponder, and that is, that a big thing is not always good and strong, or even successful in proportion to its bigness. The average citizen has been accused of measuring greatness altogether by material size, and we fear that there is some reason for the accusation. For him to say that such and such a thing was 'the biggest on this continent,' was to express eulogy in its highest conceivable form. The discipline of reverses took some of

that nonsense out of him during the war, and now here is another little lesson of the same sort, which he will surely listen to, because it is accompanied by a forfeiture in the form of dollars and cents. It is not comforting to us, whatever the journals of the 'Hub' may think, to reflect that some of our Boston friends will have a deficiency of \$250,000 to make up anent this dismal failure. But if that loss, multiplied by a hundred, could be distributed over the country, it might be profitably paid, if the failure it atoned for and emphasized should teach us all the weakness of that material vastness we are apt to overrate, and the value of that discipline, thoroughness, and finish we are so inclined to undervalue."

Our Grenadier Band at Boston.

(From the London Orchestra, July 19.)

The Americans have held their great sensational gathering, and music has been the peace-maker. The choir consisted of some twenty thousand voices selected from the singers in the New England churches. There was the English band, the bands of France, Germany, and America, the English day, the French and German day, the American and the programme was made up of all schools, styles, characters, and descriptions. The three great events were the singing of the "Old Hundred Psalm" at the opening of the Jubilee, and the playing of "God save the Queen" by our own Grenadier band, followed by this band's delivery of the American National Hymn: "The Star-spangled Banner." It must be noticed that the three Hymns stood pre-eminently foremost. Their old stereotyped expression of musical thought, known to every one—man, woman, and child—easy of understanding and easy to follow, carried all before them. They put the audience on one level, helped the people to do what they desired—to sing; and created a scene, something to be remembered from that time forth for evermore. The enthusiasm was tremendous, the glow and outburst terrific. These three songs were hymns—something beyond the creed of science, the mere impression on the senses—glimpses beyond the finite, the awakened echoes of the old Faith, the recognition of the one Sovereign Invisible Ruler and the but one race—his people. These hymns made a sympathizing brotherhood of the many thousands present, and brought out in all its force that grand mystery—the relation of the art of sounds with the soul of man.

Second to the singing and playing of these Hymns, was their manner of delivery by our English bands. Confessedly it stands that the Americans never before heard our national hymn of "God save the Queen" played in the way our soldiers gave it. And further, it appears by general report, that never before did the Americans hear their own national hymn, "the Star-spangled Banner," given with such force and direction, such definite conception and feeling, such clear and unmistakable sympathy. The latter fact—if fact it be—is curious. With the echoes of olden days—the rendering of the John Bull anthem of Queen Elizabeth's time—imagination might have some share; and the slightest variation in time and circumstance would be received as the voice of inspiration—the teaching of the long-buried prophet in song—the solemn legacy of an apostle.

But with the comparatively modern hymn of "the Star-spangled Banner" there were not, and could not be, any such associations. Surely the Americans themselves best knew the truest and most faithful expression of their own national song. The Americans lack not instruments, nor voices, and must be credited with familiarity with every phase and trait of their national hymn; and notwithstanding all this our Grenadier Band gave them a new feeling, an unknown perception of the character of their tune which seemed something beyond the mere external. If "God save the Queen" was never before sung with such heart and voice, it is confessed that never before was "the Star-spangled Banner" played with such power and telling effect on the American continent as it was given by our red-coated instrumentalists on that memorable day in Boston. The deeds of our Grenadiers that morning were worth, it is said, the entire cost of the building of the Coliseum. With the national song we get accustomed to its manner and thought, and no one sets to work to dig for ideas to re-clothe or re-adjust it in any way. Probably the English band gave "The Star-spangled Banner" on this occasion with a new score—the work of their band-master; there might have been some little thing removed, and some other small point helped and brought out the more prominently, but we incline to imagine the effect was chiefly produced by the simple, earnest, manly, and unpretending mode of its delivery. Whatever of fresh manner appeared it met the popular hand and heart, and the fervor with which it was received arose from the prevailing idea that our soldiers could not go wrong, and that their

way of melting up the national American hymn was the very best thing in the world. In listening to the London way the faculties of the audience were changed. It was not the accustomed way—there was rest from that. It was the Englishman thinking and acting for the American in real earnest, without mask or pretence, and this gave the performance a character both new and dignified.

The result of this extraordinary gathering for the performance of music at Boston, demonstrates that the Americans are, as regards musical compositions, thoroughly and altogether English. They have none of their own of any high and classical character, but they possess the power, as we do, of distinguishing the wheat from the straw and stubble. They are far too materialistic to turn out a real composer of music. Phenomenalism and sensationalism never yet made a Bach or Handel, a Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, and never will do so. Whilst they tolerate the stuff and rubbish of the modern pseudo-genius, they have too much good sense either to swear by it or imitate it. They stand forward, if not foremost, in their appreciation of good and classical music, and more especially in their keen perception of its proper and just delivery. It is sheer vanity and presumption for any second-rate European artist to go to America and attempt to take the big rôle. No European artist is so quickly and truthfully measured as in America. And yet they have no music—those Americans—nor can they make either player or singer. The American player when he comes to Europe must sit himself down and learn how to play classical music. The American vocalist, must be transformed into the European, and that is a huge difficulty. The American vocalist, like the English vocalist, cannot uphold or advance the Italian opera, and although we have shining and brilliant, and in some instances commanding, success on the American side with the Italian and French opera, we have no real, true Italian vocalization, no Italian utterance, and in fact, nowadays, no Italian opera at all. It has become cosmopolitan. The Swede, the Russian, the Pole, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the American—all assist in these days to make up what is called the Italian opera, and Meyerbeer is the chief apostle thereof. If the American vocalist cannot sing Italian opera in the old and veritable Italian way, certain it is, he or she cannot sing in the school of Handel. This is not singular, for neither can the French nor the German vocalist. It is not a case of tradition, it is sheer want of perception—want of take in—the power to receive and hold what the composer meant. These vocalists mistake the composer, confound his ideal, and grope round his score in more than Egyptian darkness. They may talk of Handel, but they do not believe in him, cannot see into his music, are never in earnest over him, and never truly work at him. They deny the truth of his expression, and as to the marvels of his dramatic life, it is all "total eclipse" with them.

There is no foundation for high classical music in America, for there is hardly any Sunday music (and all national taste and action in music must be measured from Sunday work in song) that is not namby-pamby stuff, something a little short of abomination. It is perfectly incredible what baby pap is doled out Sunday after Sunday in the American churches. Imagine the Ward-Beecher and Talmadge rations in music! Well, this would be bad enough, but it does not meet the case. The American choir, singing in their churches on Sunday is most lamentable. The sentimentalism approaches the idiotic. There is no pretence for the old faith, it is mere hypocritical imitation of the lowest and most effeminate thoughts in secular music of the day. No old master in song would teach such music, or permit any pupil to sing it under any circumstances. Before there can be any American composer, any American oratorio, there must be American faith in real service and worship music. In Europe the church schools have been given up as nurseries for song and classical composition, and the consequence is that the clergy and organists, chanters and chant-makers are all going the broad way that leadeth to destruction. There will soon be no such thing as any distinctive school for church music. Our American brethren should take in hand what we have laid aside—real artistic education for distinctively church purposes. Let them form nurseries for song as the old Churchmen did in England, France and Italy, and discard the shadow for the substance. These would soon prove important enlargements of the empire of musical art, and the next Boston Festival would be something for all America to hear, and all the world to talk about.

What a Prussian Thought of It.

The following is translated from a letter written by a member of the Prussian band, and printed in the Berlin *Stadtsbürger Zeitung*: Our passage to America was agreeable. We had not to struggle either with

storms or too high billows. The sea sickness we drove into the ocean; let it be buried there. On the 15th of June we landed at Hoboken, where we were received by the municipal authorities with music, singing, flags and firing of cannon, with hurrahs, hand-shaking and embraces, so that the cordiality of the reception almost turned our heads, and we finally began to believe we had delivered America. Without knowing it, from some enemy or other. The deputations that bade us welcome appeared in the uniform of Prussian officers, with helmets and horse-tails, and the musicians wore Prussian caps. The only thing we missed were the pretty maids in white. But they omitted them solely because many members of our band are married men, and a reception by pretty girls, the good people of Hoboken feared, might give offence to our wives at home.

I don't remember how often they played and sang to us the "Watch on the Rhine;" but I recall the fact that we were escorted in the midst of them in triumph by an immense concourse of people to the first hotel of the city. The hands of beautiful ladies waved handkerchiefs from all the windows; they threw to us fragrant nosegays and wreaths, and some even threw kisses—but that you need not tell our wives and sweethearts. But it was not until we were seated at the breakfast table that our hosts found out what havoc we Prussians can make in a charge; and splendid wines and champagne flowed here so liberally that we finally had to decline them with thanks—and you know best what that means in the case of a member of the Prussian band. In our gratitude we would have gladly played for the good people of Hoboken; but we were absolutely unable so to do—the mouth-pieces could no longer find the mouths.

If our reception in Hoboken was bewildering, in Boston it was absolutely mad. Imagine our triumphal entry into Berlin after the war, and you have something like a picture of our reception in Boston. The French musicians, who, in 1867, received the prize together with us, did not even look at us. At first we were afraid they would burst with envy in the street; but I think that their physical constitution is, after all, quite solid. At first we greeted them from sheer pity; but the *parlez-vous* passed us like surly oxen. "Allez-vous-en!" we said, and now we raise our hands no longer to our caps. The Englishmen, on the other hand, are our best friends. The band, under Godfrey's leadership, plays splendidly. It holds but little intercourse with the French. To enable us to accept all the invitations we receive here from private citizens, it would be necessary for the day to contain nine times twenty-four hours and the night twice as many.

As for the Jubilee, to tell you the sober truth, it is a tremendous, truly American humbug! We do not believe that the persons who undertook it will make their expenses. The Boston book-sellers will certainly do a thriving business with the little work, "Deafness is Curable." When we are done in Boston we shall go elsewhere; but where? The gods know, perhaps. We are overwhelmed with invitations from all quarters, and Saro has already seriously considered whether, to comply with all demands, he had not better send one of us to every city that wants us. . . I might write you a good deal more, but the heat here is nearly always fully "thirty carats," and one does not feel like doing anything but drinking. The beer is not good, and I would give the whole French band for one keg of Berlin Tivoli beer on ice!—Advertiser.

A HEALTH TO MADAME ROUZAUD. Hymen has rarely lighted so brilliant a torch as when he presided, the day before yesterday, at the auspicious nuptials of Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson and M. Auguste Rouzaud. We say auspicious, because all the facts and circumstances connected with the event are of the happy sort, and give the promise of a marriage life of thorough sympathy and devoted affection. Those who know Miss Nilsson are well satisfied that it was a love-match. From among a great multitude of admirers who were ready to lay rank and fortune at her feet she chose this gentleman, as one who had shown by his constancy the sincerity of his passion; and all the adulation that has been paid her in the capitals of the world, "the applause of applauded men," the incense of the queens of society, has been as nothing in comparison with the homage of this one heart. Mutual attachment is a desirable thing to begin with in a wedding, and in this union all the other incidents were gratifying. To be married by the Dean of Westminster under the roof of the ancient Abbey, to be "given away" by a high dignitary of the diplomatic circle, to receive a diamond bracelet from the Princess of Wales, happens to very few simple country girls in this prosaic age, and sounds more like the imaginary and delightfully improbable plot of a libretto than actual fact. Yet all this took place, and as the young lyric artist knelt at the altar with her bride-

groom, in the presence of the rank and fashion of London, the sculptured Handel that looked down on the scene from Poet's Corner might well have sounded his marble trumpet in a nuptial march.

The wedding journey of our prima donna is to be made in a visit to Sweden, the dear native land she has never forgotten, and never seen since she achieved fame and fortune. There she has several brothers and sisters, who have been made comfortable for life through her bounty, and who will receive her with pride and pleasure; and there, at this moment, the best wishes of hundreds of friends and thousands of admirers will follow her from this side of the Atlantic.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Thomas's Garden Concerts.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, July 17, writes:

The building in which the concerts are given is on the southern boundary of the Park, at the corner of Seventh avenue. Somewhat isolated, upon that rocky and desolate tract, which beyond has undergone such a magical change, it rises spangled with gas jets, a delightful refuge to many hastening out from the hot city, or ready, after a cool stroll in the Park, to refresh the body and mind.

The auditorium is quite large, with one gallery, and would readily seat three thousand people in close order, but, fortunately, neither extreme order or disorder is known. The floor is set with numerous tables, at the sides of which visitors seat themselves, and then they chat quietly, order and enjoy refreshments, gaze about at each other, and at the gaudy allegories on the ceiling, smoke and listen as pleases them best. The concert commences at eight, when but a handful are generally present. The musicians, however, tune up as if they knew what an audience to expect, and Thomas takes the stand with his accustomed quiet confidence and dignity. Car load after car load arrive, and by the time that the first of the three parts of the programme is completed the scene is a very different one. The fashionable and middle classes and various nationalities are most interestingly represented in the large audience now to be observed. The few left in Fifth Avenue and the many from any other; the New Yorker, Philadelphian, Bostonian and Jerseyite; English, French, German, Cuban and Italian; Christian and Helrew, Grantist or Greeleyite; all are to be remarked by the student of human nature, be he patriot, theologian, or politician. The intervals between the parts are long and give new animation to the assemblage. On one side of the auditorium is a wide hall opening freely into it; on the other a large bar-room and restaurant, and, in the rear of the stage—most attractive of all—a covered garden, in which all so disposed may promenade the parallelogram of gravel walk, or occupy benches and chairs within the procession. Here one can watch the panorama of faces in the subdued light, enjoying the evening, and still be entertained by the music; for the stage is so little enclosed in the rear that only the pausissimo passages of the orchestra are interrupted.

At each interval the audience effervesces; garden, hall and bar-room are filled from the auditorium, and the stage empties its half a hundred of thirsty geniuses amid the indiscriminate throng at the bar, shouting for lager, and seizing the frothing glasses which are hastily supplied to it. At length a roll call on the drum restores orchestra and audience to their places, and those couples lingering in the garden who have relapsed into personal sentiment take up again the more general one which the next musical composition inspires. The performance, it is needless to inform the reader, is of the highest order, and this representative orchestra of our continent is in such thorough drill that what pleases so greatly now is often but the rehearsal for more ambitious concerts of the season to come. Thomas, with experienced judgment, is constantly presenting novelties to teach his audience and perfecting the execution of such compositions as please it, so that his repertoire is as remarkable in extent and variety as it is charming in rendition. The result of this care it is to be hoped that many of your readers may enjoy at the Garden Concert here, or, if not, with a greater satisfaction when the Orchestra shall again visit Philadelphia.

H.

ZELTER AND HIS PUPIL. The first test to which Goethe put the young artist (Mendelssohn) was to make him improvise on a theme furnished by Zelter. Zelter sat down to the piano, and with his stiff, cramped fingers played a very simple tune in triplets, "Ich träumte einst von Händchen," as tame and trivial an air as need be. Felix played it through after him, and the next minute went off into the wildest allegro, transforming the simple melody into a passionate fig-

ure, which he took now in the bass, now in the upper part, weaving all manner of new and beautiful thoughts into it in the boldest style. Everybody was in astonishment, as the small childish fingers worked away at the great chords, mastering the most difficult combinations, and evolving the most surprising contrapuntal passages out of a stream of harmonies, though certainly without paying much regard to the melody. It was one of Zelter's principles to be very chary of praise; his aim being to save his pupil from conceit and over-estimation of his own powers—"those cursed enemies of all artistic progress," as he called them. No sooner therefore had Felix finished than he said, in a tone of the most complete indifference, like an old pedagogue bent on spoiling the boy's brilliant success: "What hobgoblins and dragons have you been dreaming about, to drive you along in that helter-skelter fashion!" Goethe saw his object, and taking the hand of the little artist in his two hands, and caressing it, said in a playful way: "But you won't get off with that; you must play more before we can quite believe in you." So Felix had to play Bach's fugues, of which Goethe was particularly fond; then he asked for a minuet, upon which the boy cried out with flashing eyes, "Shall I play upon the most beautiful one in the whole world?" and played the minuet from Don Juan.—*Goethe and Mendelssohn*, by M. E. von Glemn.

THE MEERESSTILLE AND MENDELSSOHN. Dost thou remember, how we drove away from Padua along the Brenta one evening? The glowing Italian night oppressed us, and one after another, the travellers closed their eyes. Towards morning a voice cried "Ecco, ecco, Signori, Venezia!" The sea, still, immense, outspread before us—only on the far horizon, fine sparkles played up and down, as though the small waves softly spoke together in dreams. So does it interwave, and sparkle, and throb, in Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille;" we dream sleepily, listening to it; we become a thought—rather than that we then think. The Beethovenian chorus after Goethe, and the accentuated words, sound almost rough beside these spider-web tones of the violins. Near the close, such harmony is unloosed and resolved, as if the poet surily looked too deeply into the eyes of a daughter of Nerus, seeking to draw him down; but then upsprings a higher wave, the sea grows more murmurous everywhere, the sails flap, the pennants wave, and now away, away. "Which of Meritis' overtures do you like the best?" asked a simpleton near me—and as then the keys E minor, B minor, and D major embraced in a triad of the graces, I could think of no better answer than the best, "all of them." But indeed Meritis conducted as if he had composed the overture himself, and the orchestra played worthily; and then a remark of Florestan's struck me. It was played he said, much as he used to play when he came from the provinces to study with Master Raro; this middle point between art and nature was his most fatal crisis; then came such a hesitation, such a stiffness, that he doubted his own talent. "Fiery as I was, and fervidly as I conceived every work, yet now I must take everything slowly. For my part I disliked the conductor's stick in the overture as in the symphony.—*Schumann's Writings on Music.*" Translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

*Mendelssohn. †Schumann himself. ‡Another name for himself.

Music Abroad.

London.

NATIONAL MUSICAL MEETINGS. Of the first two days of this curious experiment at the Crystal Palace we have already copied an account. The sequel is thus told by the *Musical World* of July 13.

On the third day there were competitions among choral societies, not exceeding 200 in number. A prize of £100, competed for by the South London Choral Association, the Brixton Choral Society, and the Tonic Sol-fa Association—after each choir had been heard in Mendelssohn's well known psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and the madrigal of Orlando Gibbons, "The Silver Swan," the first and third in Mozart's "Ave Verum," and the second in the chorus, "How soon our towering hopes," from Handel's *Josiah*—was awarded by the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Barnby, and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan) to the Tonic Sol-fa Association, accompanied by marked approval of the other competing choirs. To the Brixton Choral Society a diploma was also awarded for sight-singing—the piece submitted to them being "Grant us, O Lord," a four part anthem by Mr. Barnby. The next performance was by military bands—one of them being the band of the Royal

Engineers, conductor, Mr. Sawerthal, the other the band of St. George's Rifle Corps, conductor, Mr. Phassey, to each of whom, as there was no contest, the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Runderger, and Mr. F. Godfrey in one case, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. G. Cousins, and Dr. Rimbault in the other) awarded the prize of £50. It is not in our province to criticize these performances, and all we need say is that, in our opinion, nothing could be more impartial and correct than the decision of the judges.

The fourth performance was more interesting than any of its predecessors; and that such had been the expectation of the public generally was proved by the vastly increased attendance. Proceedings were begun by the Bristol Choral Union, a splendid body of men's voices, who sang a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Edipus*, a serenade ("the Gondolier") by Schubert, &c., in such a manner that a prize of £50 was readily awarded to them by the judges (Messrs. Henry Smart, Henry Leslie, and J. L. Hatton), although there were no opponents to contest it. The Bristol Choral Union, like the Brixton Choral Society, was also tested in sight singing, and came forth from the ordeal with equal success, the piece chosen for the occasion being a four part song for men's voices ("The Homeward Watch"), the composition of Mr. Henry Smart. Then came a real contest between two well trained military bands, the band of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade and that of the 33d Regiment, each of whom played Weber's *Jubilee* overture and a march by Gung'l, called the *Rekrut*. The judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. L. Hatton, and Arthur Sullivan,) awarded the prize to the band of the 33d Regiment, accompanied by a high commendation of that of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade. What ensued was the most striking feature of the day, although not a competition. Nevertheless, it was a trial of merit, for the award of the "Challenge Prize" for choral societies not exceeding 500 in number—the prize being estimated at a value of £1,000. This was readily awarded by the judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. Hullah, and Brinley Richards,) to the South Wales Choral Union, one of the freshest, most powerful, best balanced, and musical body of voices to which we can remember at any time to have listened. With such voices as these to help them out, only provided that Handel's oratorios and other "Saxon" music be admitted at their anniversary celebrations, the Welsh Eisteddfodau might be perennial. When it is remembered that this large chorus is almost entirely drawn from the laboring classes of the "principality"—miners, colliers, &c., their wives, daughters, and relatives—we cannot but wonder at the excellence they have attained—an excellence unattainable except through assiduous and continued study. The result is satisfactory beyond measure. The pieces selected for the South Wales Choral Union were of no ordinary difficulty—which, when we name the final chorus from J. S. Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, "In tears of grief," "Round about the starry throne," from Handel's *Samson*, and "The night is departing," from Mendelssohn's *Lobpreisung*, will readily be understood. To these were added the national Welsh air "The Men of Harlech" (Mr. John Thomas's arrangement), and "God bless the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Brinley Richards, both of which, sung in the Welsh tongue, were received with the utmost possible enthusiasm. This exhibition of Welsh choral singing was decidedly the feature of the National Music Meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable.

After the competitions and adjudication of prizes, on the third and fourth days, as had been the case at the first and second, there was a miscellaneous concert, the winners of prizes and diplomas exhibiting their talents, combined with performances by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Manna, &c. On Saturday afternoon the first Sydenham Eisteddfod may be said to have culminated with a grand concert, in which almost all remarkable during the foregoing proceedings was re-introduced—the choral societies, military and volunteer bands, and solo vocalists, each taking a part in it. The proceedings require no detailed description. It will suffice to add that what had pleased before, pleased again; and that the administrations of the judges were, for the greater part, with the aid of increased experience, unanimously admitted to be impartial. At the end of the concert the National Anthem was performed, by the combined chorus and orchestra; and, shortly afterwards, the prizes were distributed by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who, with characteristic good taste, refrained from a long preliminary address, leaving explanations to Mr. Thomas Hughes, chairman of the Crystal Palace, and simply addressing a word or two of congratulation to each of the successful candidates. Previous to his departure three hearty and unanimous cheers were raised for the Duke of Edinburgh, which were graciously acknowledged. The attendance on Saturday was larger than on any

previous occasion, thus showing plainly that the public have become interested in the National Music Meetings, which, if carried on next year with the same spirit and with such improvements as time and reflection suggest, and as the Crystal Palace alone possesses the means of giving to them, may not only become a permanent institution, but a real public benefit.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA. Last week were presented *Il Trovatore*, with Mdle Tietjens and Signor Campanini; *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, with Mdle. Christine Nilsson; *Semiramide*, with Mdle. Tietjens; *Faust*, with Mdle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, M. Capoul, Signori Rota and Mendioroz, and *Rigoletto*, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Signor Campanini, &c. As all these were repetitions, the bare record of their having been given is sufficient. Nevertheless, it may not be out of the way to add that the performance of *Semiramide*, Rossini's last grand Italian opera, with its admirable "ensemble," under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, and the no less admirable impersonations of the chief characters—by Mdle. Tietjens, the only *Semiramide* now on the stage, Mdle. Trebelli-Bettini, than whom a better *Arsace* since the incomparable Alboni has not appeared, and Signor Agnesi, now as good and effective an *Assur* as could be witnessed, the best *Assur* in all probability since Tamburini retired—continues, notwithstanding the fact that the *Semiramide* is German, the *Arsace*, French, and the *Assur* also French (*mirabile dictu*!), to be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. The American *prima donna*, Miss Kellogg, may also be complimented on the steady progress she is making in public favor, her second appearance as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, having created even a greater impression than her first. This young lady has already taken a high position in her art, and wants nothing but opportunity and encouragement to reach the highest—even in this capital, so *biassé* about Italian opera and all its appurtenances.

The operas during the present week have been *Martha*—with Mdle. Christine Nilsson as the heroine; *Rigoletto*, with Mdle. Kellogg and Signor Campanini, in lieu of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdle. Tietjens, being indisposed; *La Sonnambula*—with Mdle. Marimon; and *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdle. Nilsson. *La Traviata* is announced for this evening—in all five representations; so that London amateurs have enjoyed no less than eleven opportunities of listening to Italian operatic performances in the brief space of six days. The engagement of Mdle. Nilsson which was originally limited to 12 nights, has been prolonged.—*Times*, July 13.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The operas performed last week were the *Sonnambula*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Norma*, the *Barbieri*, and a miscellaneous selection of extracts from various well-known works, for the "benefit" and last appearance of Mdme. Pauline Lucca.

That Mdme. Patti should, at least once in the season, assume the part of Amina, in which, eleven years ago, she made her first *debut* before a London audience, was only to be expected; and that she should be received with enthusiasm in the character which she has fairly made her own ever since her first appearance among us, and which she has sustained, year after year, reminding opera-goers of Malibran in the same part more than any of Malibran's successors, might have been taken for granted. To enter into a description of Mdme. Patti's dramatic and musical realization of the most engaging of all Bellini's heroines would be superfluous. Enough that she was all herself, and made every point tell—from "Come per me sereno" to "Ah, non credea," and its brilliant sequel, "Ah, non giunge"—with the old effect, fully justifying the frequent applause and "recalls" of a crowded audience. The Elvino of the evening (M. Naudin being indisposed), was Signor Nicolini; and Count Rodolpho was represented by M. Faure, who has now no equal in the character.

The "combined entertainments" for the "benefit" and last appearance of Madame Pauline Lucca attracted unusual attention; for, though real amateurs do not greatly care about fragments from popular works, the scenes chosen respectively from *Der Freischütz*, *Faust e Margherita*, and the *Africaine* served to display to eminent advantage the versatility of this, in her way, unique artist, who, no matter what she undertakes, whether in high lyric tragedy, melodramatic opera, sentimental opera, or *opéra comique*, possesses the secret of winning the sympathies of her audience. Of this versatility the selected passages from the operas we have enumerated afforded ample proofs. As Selika, in the *Africaine*, which Madame Lucca first played in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, and afterwards at Berlin, in accordance with a desire frequently expressed by Meyerbeer, that she should be the heroine of his last *chef d'œuvre* (which

he did not live to see produced in public), and as the love-stricken Margaret, in the garden scene in *Faust*, Madame Lucca has been seen over and over again. Her Selika is a genuine creation; her Margaret is no less piquant and touching than it is original—a Margaret of her own conception. In *Der Freischütz*, however, she has deserved and gained her chief laurels this year, and it seems surprising that the part of Agatha should never have been allotted to her till now. This, too, however, has been described, and it is unnecessary to say more than that in each of the scenes allotted to her Madame Lucca raised the enthusiasm of the house. That the last movement of the scene in *Der Freischütz* was encored and repeated, will be as easily understood as that the "recalls" were frequent, and the bouquets without number. A scene from *La Figlia*, with Mdle. Sessi, and another from *Lucia*, with Mdle. Albani (a great success) completed the programme.

The first performance of *Norma* this season brought forward Madame Parepa in a character for which she is in every way fitted. We have but one great *Norma* now, and she is not at Covent Garden. To wit—therefore, so thoughtful, dignified, and spirited as impersonation at the theatre in which the Druid Priestess has been immortalized by the genius of Grisi, was a real satisfaction to amateurs. Madame Parepa knows the music thoroughly, and shows also a thorough knowledge of the dramatic requirements of the character. She was warmly received throughout, and most deservedly so. "Casta Diva," with its sequel, was sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist; the emphatic solo "Ah non tremare," in the well known trio with Pollio (Signor Naudin) and Adalgisa (Madame Sinico), was delivered with extraordinary energy; the famous duet, "Deh conte," in which Adalgisa fairly divided the applause with Norma, was everything that could be wished,—and so on, without further detail, to the duet in which Norma reproaches and threatens Pollio, and the pathetic sequel in the last scene, after the suppliance to Oroveso (Signor Capponi), where the sublime resignation of Norma induces Pollio voluntarily to share the sacrifice to which she is condemned. All was both legitimately good and effective. Madame Parepa was heartily received, and repeatedly applauded and recalled.

The old folk-saying, "Better late than never," was well illustrated on Tuesday night, when Mdle. Smerschi made her *debut* as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Twice before had this young lady been announced, and twice had the usual reason for disappointment been assigned; so that, if the public subsequently thought at all of a strange artist unheralded by report, it was only to infer that the chances of her actual appearance this season were slight. The third time Mdle. Smerschi proved more successful; and we may say at once that her performance made a highly successful impression. Adina is not a character affected by *debutantes*; and its selection by Mdle. Smerschi must, perhaps, be attributed to the difficulty of finding a character not sacred to one or other of the "light sopranos" in Mr. Gye's troupe. There was, however, no reason for anybody to complain. The new *prima donna* appeared to advantage, and the public had an opportunity of hearing Donizetti's charming opera—a work which, though written in fifteen days, is an exception to the rule that things of quick growth as quickly fade away. Mdle. Smerschi had one of the chilling receptions usually given by our operatic audiences to a new comer who appears without an acknowledged reputation, not a "hand" greeting her as the curtain rose and showed Adina seated among the reposing peasants. But her recital of the story of Isotta, with its interlude, "Elisire di si perfetta," and still more, her singing in the duet with Nemorino, which follows the advent of the soldiers, arrested general attention. From this point, indeed, Mdle. Smerschi kept the ear of the house; and, if the demonstrations in her favor were not enthusiastic, they were unmistakably genuine. We endorse without reserve the favorable verdict passed upon the new-comer's efforts. Personally, she is well fitted for light soprano parts, and her natural advantages are set off by a self-command which does not involve self-assertion.

The operas during the present week (last but one of the present season), have been *Il Trovatore*—with Mdme. Adelina Patti as Leonora; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for the long-expected and more than once postponed *debut* of Mdle. Smerschi; *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdle. Albani; and again *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Thursday). *Don Giovanni* was to be given last night. *Il Guarany*, the new opera by M. Gomes—first time, with Mdle. Sessi, M. Faure, Signor Nicolini, and Baggiolo in the chief parts, is announced for this evening—again six performances.

For her "benefit," on Monday, Mdme. Patti has once more selected the *Huguenots*, in which she will play Valentine, with Signor Nicolini, in lieu of Sig-

nor Mario, as her Raoul. This, we need scarcely add, will be her second appearance as Valentine before a London audience.—*Ibid*.

Of Mdme. PAREPA-ROSA the *Athenæum*, of June 22, says:

July is approaching, and the *débuts* at Covent Garden and Drury Lane continue. At the Royal Italian Opera there has been one of some importance. Mdme. Parepa-Rosa has returned, and has appeared as *Donna Anna* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Opera goes, of course, will still recollect her singing at the Lyceum (the temporary home of the Royal Italian Opera after the fire of 1856), when she came from Lisbon and Malta in 1857, the same season as that in which Mlle. Victoire Balfe, afterwards Lady Crampton, and the Duchess de Frias appeared. Mdme. Parepa, since 1857, has travelled much and learned much. We do not believe that there is an artiste existing who has such an extensive and varied repertoire. Her versatility has been most remarkable, but we think it probable that in future she will adhere to the Grisi-Pasta-Tietjens line of characters, for physique goes far in such matters, a fact too often ignored by *prime donne*. Mdme. Parepa is of a musical family, for her mother was a Seguin, a name associated long with operatic and concert recollections. She has a commanding stage presence, and is quite initiated in the by-play required to secure identity with the rôle represented. She is easy, graceful, and, when necessary, energetic. Her voice is rich and round; and her phrasing is unexceptionable. Her *Donna Anna* is based on the Grisi model,—a better one cannot be conceived; so that both in acting and singing she gave the prominence to *Donna Anna* which the daughter of the Commandatore ought to have, and was not extinguished by the *Zerlina* of Mdme. Patti. Mdme. Parepa is a valuable acquisition, and, being so, she will probably be heard but rarely; for mediocrities or nonentities seem to be at present preferred by the rulers at Covent Garden. The execution, barring the singing and acting of Mmes. Parepa-Rosa and Patti, was beneath contempt.

DUESSELDORF. (Concluded from page 271). The second day of the Rheinish Festival opened with Schumann's D-minor Symphony, Tausch conducting. The first movement, as well as the *Oberon* Overture, was taken too fast, so that it suffered in clearness of outline and color. Tausch possesses the excellent faculty of conducting a Schumann Symphony without a score; he also has an electrifying influence upon the members of a chorus. This most important and most beautiful element of our musical festival, its glory and its firm foundation, had been handled with a certain genial superficiality by Rubinstein; and now for the first time, roused by the look and arm of Tausch, in Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Victory," instrumented by Lachner, it revealed the beauty, power and fulness of its tone. On the contrary, the soloist, Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, who was very sparing of herself, gave little satisfaction.

Rubinstein's "sacred opera," "The Tower of Babel," formed the second part. Very various opinions of it were heard during the rehearsals. What was greeted with tempestuous applause by the admirers of the genial pianist, met on the other hand malicious smiles or undisguised aversion; and there might have been counter demonstrations and unpleasant scenes, had not the spirit of the Festival prevented. Yet in the end the work found an uncommonly favorable reception. The subject had been put into a fitting form of text by Julius Rodenberg, and Rubinstein seems to have set to work with all his might to produce something of importance. Yet it could do no harm, if he would subject the work to one more thorough criticism and to a partial working over. By the side of great beauties baroque or insignificant passages stand out all the more hatefully; and it cannot be denied that many such places occur in the composition. Brilliant points in the execution were the excellent performance of the orchestra and of the two soloists, Herr Diener as "Abraham," and Herr Gura both as "Overseer" and as "Nimrod." The chorus sang with great precision and warm sympathy, yet was not always equal to its task.

The so-called Artists' Concert, on the third day, opened with Cherubini's sparkling, lively Overture to *Anacreon*; but the second part began with Berlioz's Overture "Le Carnaval Romain," conducted in a virtuosic style by Rubinstein. We cannot sympathize with the opposition raised by many voices against the selection of this piece; on the contrary this, together with the concluding chorus from the Bach Cantata, repeated for the close of the Festival, gave a splendid frame to this concert. Of the many beauties it enclosed, none were more brilliant than what Rubinstein drew from the rippling tones of his piano, especially in the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, which he rendered with incomparable poesy, and not less the *Etudes Symphoniques* by Schumann. But even after this long strain of every nerve

and muscle (twenty minutes) no rest was permitted him. Only after Liszt's transcription of the "Erl King" had swept by us, and the rhythms of the well known Turkish March had died away in the distance, were the importunate encorers satisfied. The genial pianist was regularly showered with ovations. Mme. Parepa-Roma in the "Letter Aria" from *Don Juan* found opportunity to show her Italian art of singing to brilliant advantage, although without warming us in any way. Next to Rubinstein, we owe the noblest artistic enjoyment to the Leipzig baritone, Herr Gura, who by his quiet nobility of style and certainty reminds us of Stockhausen; not the ladies alone, and with perfect justice, were in raptures with the Aria from "Hans Helling." Of still higher artistic worth was the Ballad by C. Löwe: "Herr Heinrich sitzt am Vogelheerd," a true pearl of its kind. The sonorous fulness of Herr Gura's organ and the nobleness of his delivery were extraordinary. Herr Diener in his two airs from the *Creation* and *Elijah* bordered a little too closely on the domain of the languishing tenors.

A cheerful banquet, enlivened by toasts in prose and verse, closed the festival, of which the focus of interest from beginning to end was the uncommonly winning personality of Rubinstein. The unsophisticated, almost childlike nature of the man stands in very attractive contrast to his enormous endowments. Quite interesting was Rubinstein's exhortation, received with respectful silence, to make the musical festivals in future still more accessible to the works of living composers, and not to dedicate them only to the worship of the dead.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1872.

The Second Gilmore Jubilee. III.

If the Great Chorus (of 18,000 voices) failed in comparison with that of half the number in the former Jubilee, the Great Orchestra was, on the contrary, much more effective. And yet the number of instruments was considerably larger. Just how large, we are unable to say,—certainly not "2,000," as was announced at first,—that announcement covering one thousand as the aggregate of all the brass bands from all portions of the country, who were to swell the great conglomerate in the patriotic hymns and anvil choruses, but who of course were not included in the Orchestra proper. The brass bands, happily, were kept quite in the shade, if they were there at all; they surely would have marred more concord than they would have made; their absence was at least one improvement on the former Jubilee. Nor do we think there ever were so many as 1,000 in the real Orchestra, i. e., with stringed instruments predominating. In the first days, when the whole thing was fresh and most complete, there may have been 800, with an unprecedented army of bow arms in motion. Possibly 200 first violins, of good average quality, with seconds, tenors, cellos and double basses in a fair proportion, but by no means of the same general excellence. The firm, vital, searching, sweet tone of that great mass of first violins was something marvellous to hear. We recall it most distinctly in the well known figures near the end of the *Tannhäuser* Overture, and again in the *pizzicato* of Strauss's Polka by that name. And generally there was great breadth and richness in the sound of most of the Overtures, as well as the accompaniments, which we chanced to hear. For some of the finer tasks the orchestra was, wisely enough, made more select; it was best of all, when it was smallest, on the "Israel in Egypt" day, when it did its part admirably both in the Oratorio and in Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, although one had to sit quite near and out of the reach (if possible) of restless, noisy people, to hear at all distinctly. It must be owned, too, that delicate passages were at no time heard to good advantage even by those who sat not too far off to hear both sides of orchestra or chorus equally. Indeed this is an experience of our own: When Mme. Peschka-Leutner was about to sing the Cavatina from *Ernani*, we went far back into the balcony opposite the stage; the conductor's baton waved, the violin bows moved, an army of them, the baton beat perhaps a dozen bars, and all the while our ear could not detect the faintest symptom of a musical sound, until the voice came in, and every tone of that from first to last was perfectly distinct. Yet Mr. Zerrahn

assured us afterwards that, purposely, they did not play piano. How must it have been, then, as a general rule? The only reason or excuse for so monstrously large an orchestra is, that it may be heard well in an immense space; but it was not heard well, except within limits; and within reasonable limits a smaller orchestra would certainly have made much better music. That there was much to admire in the unexpected unity and certainty of attack, precision, fire and fervor with which the army did their work, and that the effects produced, with the hearer's imagination quickened by sympathy with such a multitude in presence, were sometimes inspiring, we shall not deny.

But if the scene, the magnetism of a vast assembly visibly united in one purpose, helped the imagination of the listener, making the music more intense to him, this sort of aid began, before long, to desert the orchestral performer not less than the chorus singer. The questionable *spirit* of the Jubilee, ambiguous in motive and leading to such promiscuity in programme, could not be favorable to the morale of orchestra or chorus. The quality of the task inevitably affects the quality of performance. Had good things been given this great orchestra to do from first to last, perhaps it might have preserved its integrity and high tone much longer than it did. But what did its work consist of,—what the rôle it had to play in "the greatest series of concerts ever given in the world?" Of classical Symphony, as we have said, not a single specimen. Of the great standard Overtures, there were given: Beethoven's to *Leonore*, No. 3, and *Coriolan*, that to *Der Freyschütz* and to *Tell*, Wagner's to *Rienzi* and *Tannhäuser*,—noisy effect pieces, at least *Rienzi*—and three which were wholly new here: Macfarren's Overture to "Robin Hood," which we did not hear, a Fest Overture by Leutner, and a "Kaiser Overture" by Westmayer, both respectable but by no means strikingly original. In short a few overtures of the kind the most available for a monster orchestra, which of course excluded, with three or four exceptions, the nobler part of the great orchestral repertoire. For the rest, the labor of this great band of instrumentalists soon became reduced to national airs, Strauss waltzes and a variety of clatter. Of course the zeal, the spirit of cohesion, soon relaxed; musicians dropped off, and the same process of demoralization and disintegration went on here as in the chorus. Besides, so long a festival could hardly be expected to fare otherwise; and when it came to the four concerts of the Fourth of July day, the real musical character of the protracted Carnival must have become pretty completely dissipated. (We were not present upon that or either of the personal and crowded days; if we had been, perhaps we should have then been aware of the glittering and noisy army of brass bands, of which one report gives a list of twenty-eight, including the foreign bands.)

Perhaps the best function of the Orchestra which survived to the end, having been kept in daily exercise, was that of playing the Strauss Waltzes under the magnetic personal direction of the "great" JOHANN STRAUSS himself. (Great now-a-days means celebrated). That these compositions have a genius of their own, musicians will acknowledge with the dancers. And that Strauss has a genius for conducting as well as for composing his own voluptuous rhythms and rich tone color combinations, was proved abundantly on these occasions. Why need we describe him after every pen-photographer has done his best to multiply the image of the mercenary little wizard of the waltz, in every look and motion the liveliest impersonation of his music. Great he is in his kind; but the kind is not a great one. It was really remarkable how well the whole forest of bows and Pan's pipes all obeyed his sign and almost caught his snirit. (Of course it was not the full thousand). Many doubtless fancied and believed that they were hearing Strauss's orchestra, as well as seeing Strauss, and it seemed almost a pity to undeceive them. But does any reflecting person really suppose that all those hundreds, gathered at random, after one or two rehearsals, were so miraculously imbued with Strauss; that they performed the "Blue Danube" and the rest with anything like the exquisite perfection of his own moderate band of 50 or 60 in Vienna? No, the sensation was the presence of the man. The waltzes

were all very pleasant in their way; but what do you think of a festival, claiming to be the great musical event of the century, in which through so many days waltz music formed the best task of the largest orchestra the world ever saw!

Turn now to the soloists. Now that the thing is over, it needs no argument to show that solos, vocal or instrumental, as a rule, were out of place and only tantalizing to the listener in that vast Coliseum. There is something in the actual presence of distinguished artists from abroad; but that is merely sensational, not musical. One of the very foremost lady pianists of the day, no doubt, is Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, by common consent the first in England, and especially at home in the classical music, of which she commands a very extensive repertoire: a sensitive and refined artist, accustomed all her life to the best musical atmosphere and associations. What could she do, in the monster Coliseum and before that crowd? Of course her art was thrown away there; the influences were all depressing to one delicately strung; her performances were limited to only three or four, we think; her selections could not be her own entirely, consist'g, so far as we have learned, only of Variations on the "Last Rose of Summer," a *Don Juan* Fantasia, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations—the last probably her own selection, and excellent anywhere else. Think of bringing a great artist from Europe, merely to do that! Had the piano performers been given by themselves in the Boston Music Hall, at some convenient hour, say in the evening, forming a sort of side-show like the Organ Concerts, there would have been some sense in it. As it was we could only feel a sympathy for an artist and a lady in such martyrdom preferring not to witness it, and we hope she has not gone home under the impression that she has yet played before a Boston audience. A fitter hero for the time and place was the lion-haired, strong, dashing German prestidigitateur, pupil of Liszt, Herr BENDEL. "Die linke Seite von Liszt!" exclaimed a German professor to us one evening in Berlin, some years ago, after this same virtuoso had been "interpreting" in his marvellous way a Beethoven Concerto. And all he did here seemed to confirm the description. There was wonderful execution of music only suited to be wonderfully executed. His was the lion's share in the piano thrashing, for he could advertise the new "Orchestral grand" as well as anybody. Mr. WEHLI was Mr. Wehli, and those who could see his fingers fly saw very neat and nimble mechanism. The pianists were only employed for the name of it; the piano was only there at all for advertisement—how fruitful a one, it might be curious to learn statistically a year hence.—Of other instrumental solos mostly on the cornet, most ambitious imitator of flutes and violins in variation pieces and of sentimental Italian opera tenors, we will not speak. They were skillful enough of their kind, and every cornet has his warm host of admirers. But for a Musical Festival!

Of vocal solos there is more success to chronicle, yet not enough to prove them in their right place there. Two distinguished prima donnas were procured, at great expense, from Europe. Of the two the most renowned, to say the least, was Madame RUDERSDORFF, and well was it for the appreciation of her art that she had sung in Boston under better auspices before. From what she did here in the Oratorios a year ago we knew her for a most accomplished artist in the highest styles and forms of vocal art, a thorough musician, familiar with all the great music, full of a true musical zeal and animating power, an expressive and inspiring singer, although her voice has passed its prime and freshness. As an artist she doubtless ranks in Europe to-day much higher than Mme. PESCHKA-LEUTNER. But to be heard in the Coliseum she had to make such effort as to mar the continuity and beauty of her tones, and it is not surprising that the majority not only of audience but "critics," were only sensible to these defects, and failed to give her credit which she really deserved. We did not hear her sing the *Inflammatus*, nor "God save the Queen" and other national airs for which she has been so severely censured. We did hear her once in "Let the bright Seraphim" and in her two solos in the

"Israel in Egypt." They were not sung with all the ease we could desire; but certainly we heard every note quite distinctly, and the singing made a musical, artistic and agreeable impression on us, so far as that was possible in that huge place. It is very certain that she could not do herself much justice there, and we are very glad that we shall hear her under more artistic circumstances during the coming fall and winter.

Mme. PESCHKA-LEUTNER carried the Jubilee by storm. The sensation she produced with her very first notes, and every time that she appeared, is something phenomenal, not yet satisfactorily explained. For it must be borne in mind that this result does not accord with the European reputation of the singer hitherto. Consult any German musical paper of the last three or four years, or ask any musical person who has heard her sing repeatedly in the Opera and the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig, and he will tell you that she was esteemed a very artistic singer, chiefly noted in "coloratur" (or florid) singing, with a voice very perfectly developed in the upper register, not particularly powerful or pleasing in the middle and lower tones, but never looked upon as one of the world's greatest singers. If she had been, could little Leipzig, musical city as she is, have kept her? Singing in London only a month or two before she came to Boston, she seems to have made no very marked impression. Was it left, then, for some one of the Jubilee's purveyors to "discover" such a pearl? At all events she came here heralded in all the Gilmore organs as the paragon of singers, the greatest that had ever visited these shores, superior not only to the Parepas, Patis, Nilssons of the present generation, but to the lyric Queens, the Bosio, the Sontag, even the Lind of a more shining period. Well, this was nothing wonderful; this was Jubilee style, Gilmoren hyperbole, to which we were all accustomed. The wonder after all was that this extravagant announcement did not spoil her reception; that the enthusiasm, the delight—perhaps it is not yet time to say the judgment—of the Coliseum, day after day, confirmed the utmost expectation. We hardly ever knew a similar experience. It was our lot to hear her for the first time on the third, the "German" day, when she sang just what she had sung before, to-wit: a Concert Aria with very difficult and brilliant variations, composed for her by Proch, of Vienna. We own to the same astonishment and pleasure with everybody else at the purity and clearness of her tones, not only the very highest, but the low tones; at the perfect ease with which she seemed to sing so that every tone reached every ear throughout that vast space, and satisfied the sense. And not only was there brilliant purity of tone and wondrous flexibility and finish in those upper flights of vocal pyrotechnics, but throughout all the great compass of the voice we noticed no tone that was not sweet, rich and of good volume. What followed by way of *encore* we forget, but we believe it was one of the simple sentimental melodies of Abt, the composer by her side conducting, as on several other occasions. At any rate this was her usual response. Here too there was rich, sweet, ear-filling melody, refreshing at such time and place. Whether it was sympathetic singing, we presume no one thought; in such a place, to such a sympathetic crowd, anything that was displayed upon sufficient background and that could easily be heard, seemed sympathetic, though it might not have been so in any proper private home and quiet sphere of sympathy. For what had "the sympathetic" in the delicate, interior song sense of the word, or in any but the multitudinous, loud, ringing patriotic sense, to do with a Coliseum? The charm of this singing, therefore, when one came to think of it, was open to the suspicion that in a smaller hall or theatre the voice might prove less fascinating, the song less soulful, the art by no means phenomenal, though the peculiar property which that voice had of thoroughly pervading that immense enclosure, was phenomenal. That phenomenon, as we have said, we tested further when we heard the voice so perfectly in two florid Verdi pieces from the extreme end of the hall where we could not hear the violins. On another day we heard her sing Mozart's bravura Aria of the Queen

of Night, and wonderfully well, though of course it was the fireworks up aloft that chiefly dazzled the imagination. Mme. Leutner's selections, though she sang almost daily, were mainly the same round of three or four brilliant show pieces. She has since sang, still the same pieces, in New York, in ordinary halls, with nothing like the same success, if we may trust report. Gratefully acknowledging the real pleasure that we had in her, therefore, we must conclude that it is the part of wisdom to wait till we have heard her under other circumstances and in other music, before we can make place for her in the same heaven of our recollections with such stars as Lind and Bosio and Sontag.

Several also of our own local singers appear to have made a good impression in the solos assigned to them in the great sensational performances of "Star-spangled Banner," &c., particularly Mrs. HOUSTON-WEST and Mrs. H. M. SMITH. Their bright sopranos also made themselves well heard. Mrs. BARRY in "Israel in Egypt" sang two Arias remarkably well, with even, sustained power and nice phrasing; and though her voice is not one of the "heavy" contraltos, yet by its purity and musical quality it was quite pleasing where we sat. But the most successful of these efforts was the Duet of Basses in the same Oratorio: "The Lord is a man of war," admirably delivered by Mr. WINCH and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, and making such effect that they were obliged to sing it a second time, when it went even better.

We include also in the Solo category the distinctive doings of the complimentary "Bonquet of Artists," whose function properly it was to sing solos. That is to say, a picked choir of from 30 or 40 to 50 or 60 voices on each of the four parts, represented the individual solo characters usually combined in certain very familiar operatic quartets, sextets, &c., of the Opera, such as the Sextet in *Lucia*. It was magnifying the *solis*, that they might be heard,—one of the cruel conditions of a place, a scheme too big for anything not bloated beyond nature. We did not chance to hear any of the few pieces which received this treatment; all good judges seem to agree that the voices sounded beautifully together, but that the rendering was—how could it be otherwise?—as rigid and mechanical as it was precise.

It only remains to speak of one more element, and that the chief success, of this stupendous *charivari*. We mean of course the three European military Bands, omitting as of only nominal account the "Irish Band" which figured in the last days, the days of dissolution. All three of them are splendid specimens of the bands of wind instruments in Europe, or what in Germany is called *Harmonie Musik*. We are extremely glad that our citizens have had at last an opportunity to hear a veritable Band (nay three) of the first order and to know what is meant by that. To say which of the three is best, is not so easy; each in its own way is best. They are made up on different principles and partially at least, for different uses. Probably for exquisite finish of performance, for all the *finesses* of almost orchestral execution, for perfect blending of all the instruments, subduing of the rougher elements, as well as for the artistic style and phrasing (as if each were a well trained singer) of each of the 55 instruments; and the excellent arrangement of the music drawn from operas, &c., the palm by great majority of voices has been conferred on the French Band of the Garde Republicaine; with M. PAULUS as director and M. MAURY sub-director. The composition of the band is somewhat unique, at least out of France, the Sax instruments in their various forms and calibres predominating. We cannot state this composition with much particularity; we have already copied two lists from the newspapers, but these do not agree, nor is either of them at all clear in itself, the term *alto*, for instance, by itself not showing us what instrument is meant, while "contralto-sopranos" is plainly a misnomer. It has, however, about 8 admirable clarionets, perfect pairs of flutes and oboes, with piccolo when needed, and something that seems to answer for the *Corno Inglese*, while in the place of bassoons, as well as of some other instruments, a little corps of Saxophones, smooth and rather thick in tone, supply rich middle color. There are but two French horns, one or two bugles (why so rare with us?), three of at once the smoothest and most telling trombones that we ever heard, some huge bass tubas (double bass), tenderly kept under so as to "roar as gently as any nightingale;" besides plenty of cornets, trumpets, Saxhorns and all the family, with only just enough of drums, &c. Somehow the ingredients are nicely selected and blended for a satisfying euphony of ensemble, in which there is nothing wanting, nothing in excess. Our only question is whether the Sax instruments have not too much fam-

ily resemblance; whether certain marked individualities of tone among the old standard instruments is not worth preserving even in a Band; whether for instance Saxophones can be as interesting as bassoons well played, and whether on the whole subdued positives are not better than any negatives, however smooth and tractable. In the opening of the "Tell" overture, which this band play with such precision, spirit, fire and delicacy, the soft strains usually divided among the violoncellos were quite well represented by the Saxophones, to be sure. But there is no room to enter into all this. In their playing of numerous Overtures: "Tell," "Semiramide," "Zampa," "Oberon," &c., of operatic fantasias, potpourris, waltzes, marches, national hymns, and their exhibitions of rare solo talent, this Band set us a model which we trust will not be thrown away upon us. It will be remarked, however, that this is not so much distinctively a military as it is a concert band. Its functions have been, we believe, confined to Paris; it is made up with a view to playing in the gardens of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, Place Vendome, &c., for the amusement and the culture of the people.

The Prussian Band, on the contrary, of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier regiment, with its stalwart and heroic leader, Herr SARO, so quietly commanding and so thoroughly musician-like, is emphatically a band for service. Their music is heroic, grandiose, warlike and thrilling, entirely in the reigning spirit of the Prussian, now the German empire. We can easily believe the story of how these men with their music went to the front and held the line in the hottest of the fight at Gravelotte. The bearing of the men is superb. It is said that they had too great a preponderance of strong brass instruments. It is true the brass was very powerful, but it was also of the most true and splendid quality, entirely musical; while on the other hand the number of clarionets was greater than in the French Band; and they had four French horns, two bassoons, besides a Contra-fagotto, and likewise oboes, flutes, &c. At Berlin Meyerbeer was court director and sets the standard even now. After the first hearing (on the "German day"), we thought of this as peculiarly a Meyerbeer band, and the selections were chiefly from Meyerbeer and of the overpowering character. But the more we hear them afterwards the more we liked them. They too play of the *Oberon* and many other Overtures very beautifully and clearly. Above all the Overture to the "Magic Flute," which is perhaps as difficult a task as could be set to a wind band, and in which all the intricacies of the quick fugue movement were most delicately and nicely given. For the fittest band to bring into competition with the French or English we should not go to Berlin, but rather to Vienna or some other German city.

The English Band of the Grenadier Guards, Mr. DAN GODFREY leader, is somewhat the largest of the three, and its appearance was always a signal for great outpourings of enthusiasm, not merely on the ground of international hospitality, that they should come at such a delicate period in the relations between the republic and the mother country, but because its sterling excellence as a musical organization was from the first so obvious. It more resembles the French in subdued and blended sweetness; and if it has not all the fine vital delicacy running through every individual part, there is a certain rich and mellow fullness peculiar to its ensemble. We wish that we had heard it oftener, and near enough to warrant a more critical judgment. What we remember with most pleasure was the very artistic, really orchestra-like rendering of the Overture to *Semiramide*. Their contributions besides national airs, consisted mainly of Overtures ("Der Freyschütz," "Masaniello," "Robin Hood," by Macfarren, "Rob Roy," by Bishop), and selections or potpourris, now from Meyerbeer's operas, now from Bellini's, now from Verdi's, and again from *Fra Diavolo*, from *Don Giovanni*, &c. This Band, too, could show admirable solo playing.

The Bands represented the "international" element in the festival. Of course each one had to play our national airs in compliment as well as those of its own country, and all this amid great demonstration and excitement, the great chorus helping with voice and hand and fluttering handkerchiefs to make a scene of it. This kind of excitement, with all the hearty reciprocity of feeling there was in it, soon became too much a matter of course for each day's entertainment, till it regularly took precedence of Music as such, which in a Musical Festival is nothing if not all in all. But in another way we look for great good from the example of these Bands as Bands. In the poor, limited, one-sided, brassy character, or characterless-ness of our own mere military bands, we needed the example sadly. We begin even to have hopes now that our ideal of a Civic Band, which we have been suggesting in these columns for a dozen years or more,—a band not military, but for peaceful civic festivals, for academic anniversaries, and for plentiful supply of music for the people both in grove and hall,—a band with all the reeds and softer instruments, on the generous scale of these three noble ones,—a band under the patronage of the City, wholly or in good part, may after all be realized.

The National Saengerfest at St. Louis.

Mr. Gilmore's "Peace Jubilee" was not the only musical festival upon a grand scale which America has had to boast of during the past midsummer. In the days immediately preceding it occurred the great Song Festival of our German Americans, which seems to have assembled audiences almost as large upon an average, although the affair in number of performers, in duration, in the size of the building, and in brag, was much more moderate. In its artistic tone and character, judging from the programmes and from all reports that we have seen, it was a festival on which the participants and the whole country may look back with satisfaction. We are indebted to *Brainard's Musical World* (Cleveland, O.) for the following brief account of the several days' proceedings from its special Correspondent.

St. Louis, June 12, 1872.

On this, the opening day of the Festival, the final preparations were completed at an early hour. It was a bright, clear day—a little too warm, however, for comfort, and from early morning the streets in the neighborhood of Turner's Hall have been densely packed. Everybody is in gala attire. The trees are festooned. The houses, public buildings, etc., are handsomely decorated with flags, banners, evergreens, etc., especially in the business parts of the city, and those mainly occupied by the German element.

The Saengerfest is held in a large and commodious building, erected especially for this Festival, on the corner of Twelfth and Washington streets. It is of considerably greater architectural pretensions than are usually found in buildings of the temporary character of this one.

The front of the building presents quite an imposing appearance. The central arch rises to a height of 90 feet, while the towers that flank it soar aloft 130 feet, and are surmounted by flagstaves, from which the flags of America and Germany float. Indeed the display of flags, both exterior and interior, is very fine, and those inside the building are arranged with great artistic effect.

The procession was the largest and finest that has ever traversed our streets. It is estimated to have been from six to seven miles long. Nearly one hundred singing societies, a large number of civic associations, the military, the fire department, as well as thousands upon thousands of citizens on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, were in the line. Mottoes, banners, and flags were plentifully strewn along the line of the procession. The population of the city turned out en masse along the route of the procession, and cheer upon cheer heralded its passage through the streets.

The reception concert was given at Saengerfest Hall to night, and was largely attended, the immense building being nearly full. The programme was as follows:

- Overture. "Die Vestalin." Spontini.
Presentation of the Flag.
Bridal Chorus. "Lohengrin." Wagner.
Orchestra and chorus of mixed voices.
Oration in English.
His Excellency Gov. B. G. Brown, of Missouri.
Evening Song. Abt.
Male Chorus.
Oration in German. Hon. Carl Schurz.
Notturmo, from "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
Orchestra.
The Heavens are Telling. "Creation." Haydn.
Recitative, Trio, and Chorus.
Orchestra and Chorus of mixed voices.
Solos by Mrs. C. Froehlich, Messrs. P. L. Keller, and C. Froehlich.

This programme was performed exclusively by local talent. The chorus consisted of 450 ladies and 450 gentlemen, supported by an orchestra of 163 musicians. Everything passed off brilliantly, the choruses being rendered with a precision and spirit that I was not prepared for, remembering the fact that many of the chorus have had but little practice.

June 13.

The performance to-day has been a grand success. It was conducted by Franz Abt, and the immense building was well filled. Good judges estimate the audience at from 14,000 to 15,000.

The chorus numbered fifteen hundred, and worked well together. A little unsteadiness was observable at times, but on the whole it was well done.

Mrs. Edmund Dexter, of Cincinnati, was the soloist, and sang Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim," and the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah* in faultless style. Her voice is unusually sweet and under perfect control. The following was the programme:

- Symphonic Eroica. Beethoven.
To the Fatherland. Kreutzer.
Male Chorus.
Let the Bright Seraphim. "Samson." Handel.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Overture. "Athalie." Mendelssohn.
Freedom of Song. (Liedesfreiheit). Marschner.
Male Chorus.
Shadow Song. "Dinorah." Meyerbeer.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Roman Song of Triumph. Bruch.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.

Another enormous audience filled the Saengerfest Hall to night, there being fully eighteen thousand people in the building. All the aisles and every inch of standing room were occupied.

The special and noteworthy features were the singing of Mrs. Dexter and Mr. Steins. The lady was in splendid voice, and sang the solos from *Figaro* and *Fra Diavolo* magnificently. She was tumultuously applauded.

Mr. Steins was also heartily applauded for his masterly rendering of his solos in Wagner's *Chorus of Armorer*.

The following is the complete programme:

- Overture. "Egmont." Beethoven.
Dove Song, "Le nozze di Figaro." Mozart.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
The German Song. Schneider.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.
Introduction. "Tristan & Isolde." Wagner.
Orchestra.
The Poet's Grave on the Rhine. Moehring.
Male Chorus.
Ah! Forse E Lui. "Traviata." Verdi.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Chorus of Armorer. "Rienzi." Mozart.
Male Chorus with Orchestra.
Solo by Mr. O. Steins.
Fackeltanz. (Marche de Flambeaux, No. 4) Meyerbeer.
Orchestra.

This has been by far the most successful day of the Festival, both in a musical and financial sense. Hundreds of persons were turned away, being literally unable to gain even standing room.

June 15.

At the closing concert in Saengerfest Hall to night, another tremendous audience assembled. The attendance was not quite as large as last night, but yet the building was thoroughly filled in every part.

The following was the programme:

- Overture. "Titus." Mozart.
"Einkehr." Zoellner.
Sung by the Cleveland Maennerchor.
Arietta and Valse. Venanzo.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Awake. Knecken.
Sung by the Cassella Maennerchor of Cincinnati.
Symphonic Militaire (2d part). Haydn.
How beautiful is the Spring Time. Abt.
Sung by the Belleville Saengerbund.
Let the Bright Seraphim. "Samson." Handel.
Soprano Solo, Mrs. Dexter.
Awakening of Spring. Abt.
Sung by the Columbus Maennerchor.
Roman Song of Triumph. Bruch.
Male Chorus and Orchestra.
Farewell. C. Schuppert.
Sung by the Louisville Liederkrant.
Fackeltanz. (Marche de Flambeaux, No. 4) Meyerbeer.
Orchestra.

Mrs. Dexter was in her usual good voice, and sang her solos in an unexceptionable manner, and was heartily applauded each time.

After the concert was over a torch light festival was held at Schneider Garden, at which there was a great crowd, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

This morning the delegates assembled at Saengerfest Hall for the transaction of business. Forty-three societies were represented.

A motion to hold a National Saengerfest every fifth year, instead of every second year, was tabled. A motion to allow each society one delegate for every twelve members, instead of two members for each society, was adopted. Cleveland was selected as the place for holding the next Saengerfest.

L. M.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Horace and no Relations. Song and Chorus.

2. F to g. Fiske. 30

For Horace and no relations

To fill the public stations

We'll work and vote with pleasure true and hearty.

A campaign song on the Greeley side. The Publishers take sincere pleasure in providing good songs for both sides. Music has no politics, and the more we sing, the better natured we shall be.

Shadows. Baritone or Contralto Song. 3.

D minor to d. Wimmerstadt. 30

The last rose dies in the cold, cold air,

And weary the days go by.

May be also sung by a bass voice. Of a pensive character, but melodious and effective.

O Love Star, beaming. (Oh, Stella amato.)

Air, with Variation for Voice. 7. Db to c. Proch. 75

The splendid air sung by Madame Peschka-Leutner at the Jubilee. Of course, only the most skilful vocalists can sing it; but other notes may be substituted for the highest ones, thus bringing it into the compass of an ordinary high Soprano voice.

All are at Rest. (Alles zur Ruh.) Four-part

Song. 4. A to f. Abt. 30

Over the blue hill-tops gleaming

Faint rays of sunset are streaming,

Calling from out of the west,

Hie thee to rest!

A beautiful composition, either for quartet or chorus.

O Tell me if you Love me. (Saper vorrei se m'ami.) Duet. Haydn. 65

O tell me if you love me,

Nought earthly prize above me?

A very beautiful duet, with words newly translated.

Instrumental.

MANHATTAN WALTZ. 3. Strauss. 1 00

It hardly seems possible that we have had a Strauss before us in bodily presence, leading, playing, bowing; full of Vienna vivacity, and throwing his own lightning into the movements of the myriad performers before him. But so it has been, and here are a set of waltzes, composed for the American public, dedicated "To the Metropolis (and all the rest) of America," and played in the midst of great applause, under the direction of the composer, in New York. The set is a fine one, any way. Compliment our genial visitor by purchasing largely. Fine portrait of Strauss, black moustache and all, on the title.

Among the Roses. A Tone Picture. 4. Eb. Krug. 30

Belongs to a set called "Music Leaves from my Journal." Is of the nature of an "Idylle," that is, quiet, mild, gentle, pastoral in character, is really elegant, and its three pages, if anything, are too few. It is done before one tires of it.

Galop del Amorretta. 3. A. Martin. 40

Galops are so restricted in form that it is quite difficult to make one which "sounds new." This, however, is new, as well as neat. Contains light bounds, and many octave passages.

Mormonite Grand March. 4. Eb. Martyn. 30

A powerful and effective march. Contains Octaves, Sixths, Trills, and Arpeggios, and has a sparkling Trio to relieve the loudness of the Band-Chorus parts.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, E flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff. An italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

